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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### An Opera Night at the Fenice.

[Continued from p. 186.]

Moses waved his wand, the Day appeared. "Here, monsieur, is not music contending with the sun whose splendor she has borrowed, with nature himself, whose phenomena she represents in their least details?" whispered the Duchess. "Do you not hear Egypt re-awaking after this long stupefaction? Gladness flows everywhere with the light. What cries! what bounding, joyous notes! the oppressed soul breathes again,—what delirium, what tremolo in this orchestra, this fine tutti! It is the joy of a delivered people."

The physician, surprised by this contrast, one of the most splendid passages of modern music, clapped his hands, forgetting himself in his admiration.

"Brava la Domi!" murmured a Venetian gentleman who had entered the box.

The Duchess goes on to explain in a very scientific way, and, considering the time and place, at great length, how Rossini has employed to represent the coming light, chords like these he

had used in expressing darkness and cold, in this revealing the grandeur of his thought. Light is the same substance in winter and in summer, by day and by night, and the effects of light are varied only by the nature and condition of the objects it encounters. Thus Rossini has chosen for the base of his music, one motif, a simple chord of C. Beginning with the violins, the artist gradually reverses the whole expression which he had drawn from this motif in the opening passages.

The Quintet which follows this fine Introduction excites in the mind of the Duchess the pyrrhic joy which is expressed in the strophe,

Voce di giubile  
D'intorno eheggia  
Di pace l'Iride  
Per noi sputo.

She calls the attention of the Frenchman to the artistic power with which this exultation of the people is introduced as the final emboldened cry of delight united by the grave, earnest, sweet song of Moses and of Aaron to the solemnities of the invocation.

"Yes!" answers the physician, "this would make a charming contra dance!"

"French! French! utterly French!" cried the Duchess. "Yes, I believe you capable of employing this sublime outburst, so gay, so nobly rejoicing, in the service of your rigadoons. You caricature everything—your caricature of music is the vulgarization of great ideas by your dancing tunes. Your cleverness kills your souls as your reasoning kills your reason."

"Have I annoyed you?" asked the Frenchman. "I should be excessively sorry to do so. Your words are like a magic wand, opening my brain and summoning forth new and sublime ideas."

"No," she answered, "you praised Rossini after your fashion. He will succeed in France, I see, through the clever and sensuous side of his character. But hold! here comes the Tinti for the famous duo between Elcia and Osiris. If she has mastered her part well, you will hear the sublime song of a woman divided between her love of her country and her love for one of its oppressors. What can be finer than the art with which the antagonisms of this drama are sustained. A people demanding liberty, enslaved by treachery, supported by a miracle working God. A prince whose love for a Jewess almost justifies the treasons of the oppressor! In this song of Osiris, *Ah! se*

*puoi così lasciarmi*, how much is there of the divine languor, the ardent sweetness, the tenderness of oriental love! how much in the reply of Elcia: *Ma perche così straziami!* No! two hearts so melodiously united cannot tear themselves asunder," she continued, looking at the prince. "But hark! the divine, delicious Allegro of the march of the Hebrews on their way to the desert. . . .

"*Dov' è mai quel cuore amante?*" she began again in Italian, when the Tinti began the admirable stanzas in which she asks pity for her sufferings. "But what is the matter? The pit is in an uproar!"

"Genovese is bleating like a deer," returned the prince.

This duo, the first sung by the Tinti, was indeed spoiled by the complete failure of the tenor. As soon as he began to sing with the Tinti, his fine voice changed. His excellent method, which reminded us at once of Crescentini and Veluti, he seemed to remember and forget at his pleasure. Sometimes a note held too long, sometimes a trill too much prolonged, interfered with the singing. Sometimes unmodulated outbursts of his voice, the sound rushing out like water from an opened flood-gate, gave signs of a complete forgetfulness of every law of taste. The pit began to be exceedingly agitated. The Venetians began to believe that Genovese was acting upon a wager. La Tinti was recalled and applauded furiously. Genovese received some warnings of the hostile feeling he was exciting.

During this scene, comic enough to the Frenchman, whilst La Tinti, eleven times called out, received the frenzied applause of the audience, and received them alone, (for Genovese did not dare to give her his hand,) the physician made an observation upon the close of this duo to the Duchess.

Rossini ought to have expressed here the deepest grief, and I find the music most unsuitably gay and joyous."

"You are right," she answered. "This fault is a consequence of tyranny. Rossini thought here more of his prima donna than of his Elcia."\*

[To be continued.]

\* Compare with this admission (a very just admission too) of Rossini's occasional submissiveness, the magnificent, uncompromising attitude of Beethoven, a most striking and amusing description of which is to be found in Madame Sontag's account of the first repetitions of "Fidelio."—Tr.

[From the Manchester Examiner.]  
**CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE  
ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE  
Arts of Production and the Arts of Design.**  
[Concluded.]

I will now speak of a department of Art which will interest you, perhaps, more than others—Art applied to textile fabrics. There is a great difference between what art can do in this department and what it can do for those through which I have passed; because the others are in their nature more lasting; they are to continue for a time; they are worth, therefore, the attention and care of artists of the very highest class. The fashions of textile fabrics are perishable and fragile—they are capricious and changeable; therefore it is impossible to have the time, the leisure, and the same degree of labor expended on them as is necessary to produce a great work of Art. I have read with considerable pleasure and can bear testimony to, the important suggestions in a pamphlet or lecture on this subject delivered in this city by Mr. Potter. (Cheers.) He is quite correct in his estimate of the somewhat exaggerated ideas which may exist of the power of Art in connection with that which is not durable, and which in reality has its value, necessarily, for only a brief period. I agree, therefore, with him on that subject; but at the same time I accept as very important his concession that, even with regard to that degree of Art which is compatible with the nature of the substance on which it is to be displayed, we do not do what we ought to do, and that we fall short of our neighbors—or at least that, while in that which is of secondary character we have put forth such perseverance and study as to have attained an equality with them, there is a point, in that which is more delicate and perfect, which we have not reached. (Cheers.) This is an important concession. It appears there is some reason why, in France, they can produce, even in printed fabrics, a superior and more delicate, more beautiful artistic effect, than can as yet be given here; and I shall have to speak of the reason of this, which accords completely with what I have said, because in these works, which are not made absolutely by handicraft, but with the assistance of mechanical skill, there must be a distinction between the designer and the mere workman—a man who keeps the machine in motion and puts the work through it, although, no doubt, it is necessary for the designer also to have a considerable acquaintance with the process by which his design is to be brought out in actual manufacture. I only wish to observe how the principle comes down here. You know the cartoons at Hampton Court, the most perfect and finished work of Art of Raffaelle. You would suppose these would be a labor of years: for they are all by his own hand, perhaps hardly aided by a disciple; and nothing can be more perfect than the outline and artistic distribution of the parts of the painting. What were these cartoons? Simply drawings for the loom. Raffaelle did not think it below him to draw patterns which were to be sent to Holland or Belgium, and there to be executed in the loom by weavers of a carpet. This shows how the very highest ideal Art may bend without degradation to assist practical Art with all its powers and resources: and where the union of the two in the same person cannot be got, then we have to think of the means by which the harmonious combination of both may be brought to produce one effect. (Cheers.) While upon this subject, I am tempted to quote some beautiful lines on the subject from one of our oldest but wisest poets—one who calls himself, upon his tomb, “the servant of Queen Elizabeth, the counsellor of King James, and the friend of Sir Philip Sidney”—Lord Brooke. Speaking as if it was considered in those days that the impulses of industry must be entirely regulated by the ruling power, he prescribes the duty of that in regard to the production of manufactures:

To which end, power must nurseries erect,  
And those trades cherish which use many hands;  
Yet such, as more by pains than skill effect,  
And so by spirits more than vigor stand;  
Whereby each creature may itself sustain,  
And who excel, add honor to their gain.

Another remark I will read, which comes in the same passage, because it seems, as written in that age, prophetic of what may be considered the characteristic commercial policy of this day—that policy which particularly owes, if not its origin, certainly its greatest impulse to this city. (Cheers.) He says:—

Now, though wise kings do by advantage play  
With other states, by setting tax on toys,  
Which, if needs do permit, they justly may,  
As punishment for that vice which destroys,  
To real things yet must they careful be,  
Here and abroad, to keep them custom free;  
Providing clothes and food no burthen bear,  
Then, equally distributing of trade,  
So as no one rule what we eat or wear,  
Or any town the gulf of all be made;  
For, though from few wealth soon be had and known,  
And still the rich kept servile by their own,  
Yet no one city rich, or exchequer full,  
Gives states such credit, strength, or reputation,  
As that far-seeing, long-breathed wisdom will,  
Which, by the well disposing of creation,  
Breathes universal wealth, gives all content,  
Is both the mine and scale of government.

(This quotation was much applauded.) Now, gentlemen (continued the Cardinal), I wish to come to some general results. We have seen that, so far, in every instance we have examined, wherever there has been real beauty and perfection of work, it has been in consequence of the practical Art and of the fine Art, which ought to work together, being most closely combined, and as nearly as it can be done in the same individual, or else in the most perfectly harmonious co-operation. Now, we must watch very carefully whether the plans which are being proposed for artistic education—to be applied to production—will tend to combine these to characters better, or further to separate them. I come to the conclusion that, if Art has always flourished in its perfection when the two have been combined—and if, on the other hand, it is acknowledged that, at present, Art is not applied to manufactures as it might be—and if it is, at the same time, the clearly visible fact that our artisans and workmen are not artists—I think I have a right to conclude that this separation of the two characters is the cause of our inferiority, and that, therefore, the education which we are to prepare for those who are to carry productive Art to its perfection, must be one which will combine, closer than is now done, these two departments of what I consider one and the same thing. Now, is it, or can it be so, by the education we are now giving? I observed that what I have said till now has been acknowledged long before by one of the greatest authorities in matters of Art—that is, Doctor Waagen, the director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin. He was examined in 1835, before a committee of the House of Commons on the improvement of Arts and manufactures, and he said that “in former times artists were more workmen, and the workmen were more artists, as in the time of Raffaelle; and it is very desirable to restore this happy connection.” I was glad to find this corroboration of what I intended to say. He says again—“We have then, to endeavor a connection between these two, the productive and beautiful Art.” Now, I ask what class of Art was it which was in combination with productive Art, to make it the parent of such a beautiful offspring in every department? It was not low Art; it was not the mere knowing how to sketch an object from nature; it was not merely linear drawing; it was not mere elementary Art, but it was high Art, and the highest Art. In every one of these cases the state of society was such—from what causes I do not undertake here to say—that it did permit the highest artists devoting themselves to what now they contemn and would despise: and, on the other hand, there was such honor given to the product of industry, that when it really had the stamp of beauty upon it, it rose of itself to the department of high Art.

Let me illustrate what I consider the danger to be guarded against by another example. When you go into a picture gallery now, and you see the portrait of a man, why do you care the least who that man was? You see the splendid effect; the countenance, which perhaps has not a beautiful feature in it, but which, by the noble expression,

by the beautiful tone of color, by the majestic character thrown around the head, by the harmony between the parts, even by the accessories, is made so glorious that you can gaze upon it for hours. It may be a Doge, it may be a merchant, a soldier, or a prince; you care not; you see there, not the portrait, but you see the painting by Titian, or by Rembrandt, or Vandyke, and the artistic merit so completely swallows up all the idea of personality of him who is represented, that, unless it happens to be some one particularly known, you never take the trouble of inquiring whom the painter represents. And why so? Because then portrait painting had not become a distinct department of Art. There was no such thing then as a person who called himself a portrait painter, who thought he could produce a noble likeness of a man by merely giving a fac simile of his features; but portraits were paintings by men who could have painted an historical picture of the highest character, and to whom it would have been thought not unbecoming to commit the greatest artistic works imaginable. But in modern times the portrait painter is an entirely different person, and the pictures produced by that class of artists are, unfortunately, of little value, except to those who have a personal interest in the subject of the portrait; you know, too, that every one of those portraits, which cover such a vast extent of the wall of the Exhibition, will be transferred to the place of honor, over the chimneypiece in the house of the owner, and when his son grows up, it will be but on one side, that a portrait of the inheritor may take its place, and in the next generation it will be transferred to some other more out-of-the-way corner of the house, until at last it will find a more ignominious position than Caesar's dust stopping up a bunghole to keep out the inclemency of the weather. From what does this come? Simply from the attempt to divide Art into parts—to say that there shall be a class of men who can do a portrait, but cannot do an historical or other great painting. And you find a difference when some of the great artists of the present day—for there are some truly great artists in England—do put their hands to what is considered another department of Art, and paint the portrait of a friend, or of any one else—it becomes in itself a fine creation of Art, and it will not perish when the person is forgotten; but it will be known by the name of the person who painted it, and not by the name of the person who sat for it. In this way, too, high Art, when applied to a lower branch, raises its character. This is what ought to be the fundamental basis of artistic education. If we really mean to make more than improved designers or draughtsmen for mechanical work, we must have great artists who are not afraid to work mechanically at the same time that they are great artists; we must have the feeling that Art commits no unworthy condescension in giving immediate assistance to the processes of production. The famous artists of whom I have been speaking were, as we have seen, men who worked at their business, and yet were not considered as working men; they were considered as artists, and treated as such. And it is that, I am afraid, which makes the great difference between our time and theirs. Art, unfortunately, is not now considered so noble as to give rank and station, as it did in those days. I do not mean that the great artists, those who devote themselves to what are considered works of high Art, do not receive patronage and countenance, and even high honor; but we find that in those days such distinctions were bestowed on the artists themselves in productive toil. There is not, perhaps, any part of the history of Art more interesting and beautiful than those portions of Cellini's memoirs, which shows us the manner in which he was treated; he used to go when he pleased to the Pope to take him drawings and models; he speaks of going in without even waiting to be announced—going in the evening, after laboring all day in his workshop, as a matter of course. He was treated in the same manner by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and by the King Francis the First; when he was working for him the King used to go at any hour and visit him; and Cellini gives rather a characteristic anecdote, proving how very familiar such visits were. One

day, while at work, and, as usual, rather in ill temper, an apprentice or servant did something which displeased Cellini, and he roughly took the youth by the shoulders, and pushed him across the room. The apprentice fell against the door, which was just then opened by the king, and he fell fairly into the king's arms. Such was the familiar way in which kings and great personages used to visit Cellini, and find him in his apron among his workmen. The difference between the social tone of our day and that of a former age cannot probably be overcome. I cannot, therefore, pretend to hope that we shall see the day when the real honest artisan who at the same time shows skill as well as industry, will be considered raised thereby above that condition in which he is at present held. (Cheers.) But I believe, myself, that it is not *patronage* which Art wants in modern times. Patronage it has; you, gentlemen here, many of you, I know, would not scruple to go far beyond the mere calculation of interest, were it in your power to raise, by your patronage, any one who gave evidence of genius, and reward him as he deserved. It is not patronage, but honor, that Art wants. (Cheers.)

Now, speaking of the department to which I have just alluded, there is a passage worth quoting from Mr. Ward's book, "The World and its workshop," on the difference between English and French designers in the textile fabrics. "France has studiously cultivated the Art of design, and advanced its professors to the rank of gentlemen; in England, on the contrary, with some exception, it has been degraded to a mechanical employment, and remunerated at weekly wages. France has, in consequence, a species of industry, to which we have no claim—the production of design for exportation." Now, having drawn these general conclusions, we must come to some practical applications. The first, that we must avoid making too great a separation between that character of Art, which it is proposed, now, to impart to our products, and the higher departments of Arts. I have observed that the separation of Art into two departments, high and low, seems to be dangerous, and it will perhaps, prove fatal. You may educate a great number of good designers, persons who will make tolerable drawings, and with rapidity; but the influence upon these which are considered the lower stages of art must come, not from below, but from above; it is only Art in its highest department that gives the true feeling of proportion, the right sense of harmony, whether in color or in design, that gives also that sense and feeling of the adaptation and propriety of things to their purpose, which is indispensable. Any one must be surprised at seeing the extraordinary combination of the styles of different countries and times, in our works of Art, from the want of a regular artistic education. I therefore, think, that the first thing which must be done is to try an education which will not give merely a great degree of elementary artistic power, but that, while we give what may be called the rudiments of Art to every one, if possible, so as to give them all the opportunity of developing a higher taste and power, if they possess it, we must not, in looking beyond that, satisfy ourselves with the idea that we can educate a great number of artisans to a middling degree of artistic feeling, in the hope that thereby we may influence the character of our manufactures; but we must endeavour to combine the two, to bring down the high Art to mingle with the lower, in the feeling that it is the common interest and duty of artists to improve the productive arts, and to carry into actual work—not merely into design—the powers which they possess. (Cheers.)

The evidence of Mr. Skene, before the committee of the House of Commons, is to the same effect. He and Mr. Potter and every other writer I have seen, agree that we are not equal with the French in the more delicate operations of art applied to manufactures, and especially in textile fabrics; and he gives this reason: "The system of France is very different from that of this country, because in France artists of the first eminence employ their time—and make it a most profitable part of their employment—in pattern drawing, and they are paid very high prices by the manufacturers."

This, then, accounts for everything, because it is the union of high art in design with manufacture that makes the French superior. The evidence of M. Coquerel, who is himself an eminent architect and designer, shows that a distinguished artist, who became president of the French Academy of Arts at Rome, and one of the first of his day, was employed at Sevres, in the china manufacture; and he states, also, that of fourteen or fifteen French artists of the first rank, educated at Rome, with whom he was acquainted, many were scattered through France assisting in the different manufactures—finding the market for the highest class of artistic works so limited, and so full, these men, instead of sinking into despair, or committing suicide, as has been seen in similar cases, turned their high talent to the assistance and improvement of manufactures: and they are not thought to have dishonored themselves by doing so, nor is it considered their superior education was thrown away upon them, in qualifying them for the posts they now occupy. Why should it not be so here? Let any one go into the exhibition of paintings in London, and look around the walls, he will, perhaps, find only a small number of artists who can, with any hope of advancing themselves in the path to eminence, continue in what they may consider the highest department of art; and I cannot but think there are many in distress, persons who might be making an honorable livelihood, if they would apply their talents to what they would wrongly consider, perhaps, a degrading employment, but which is most honorable,—the improvement of art in its productive department. (Cheers.)

The second step, which seems to me of the greatest importance, is, to familiarize the people with art. This I know is very trite topic, and one which can hardly be considered to require from us much attention. I know it is proposed to make museums in every part, and I think that excellent. But we must observe how it is that that familiarity with art has been obtained by other people; it has been, not so much by having places to which people were to go to see art, but by rendering it familiar everywhere to their eyes. The ancient Greeks, proceeding from other considerations, which we, as Christians, could not for a moment wish to have considered, such as the public spectacles, and feasts, and ceremonies of Greece, filled their whole country with works of art. Any one that will read the works of Pausanias, or the first book alone, will see how it was impossible for an Athenian to go ten yards in any direction in the city without seeing some beautiful work of art. On every side there were monuments, and statues, and temples, of the most beautiful workmanship and design; and the people became impregnated with the sense of artistic beauty, and therefore whoever, even a mechanic, put his hand to any work, worked under the influence of that feeling. (Cheers.) In a later period in Rome there was the same plan of filling the public buildings, the streets, and squares of the city, with sculptured monuments, and with paintings, hung up so that the people could gaze on them; and Pliny gives us a long list of paintings put up by different emperors; and, by way of showing what was thought by the Romans of our northern ancestors, he says, that among those paintings on the walls of the Forum there was one of a shepherd; and when a German ambassador came to Rome, he was asked at what price would he value that picture? Which shows that it was considered by the Romans to be worth a high price, quite beyond a German's estimate; he having so little idea of art that he did not consider that question applicable to any possible artistic merit, said, "Why, I would not have the man, if he were alive and breathing, if you would give him to me"—he considering it was the value of the man, as a servant, and not of the picture, that he was to regard. In a later age, at Florence, Vasari tells us how he and Michael Angelo, and other artists, used to meet together and then go from church to church to see the beautiful works of art in each, and then to discuss and criticise them. In the middle ages it was the *Church*, no doubt, which gave to public admiration the specimens of fine art, and kept them before the minds of all, and, in fact, made the people be artists. The consequence of this was, that,

as Cellini tells us, when his statue of Perseus, after having been finished, was put into a public place, and when he uncovered it for the first time, "It so pleased God that as soon as ever my work was beheld by the populace they set up so loud a shout of applause that I began to be comforted for the mortifications I had undergone; and there were sonnets in my praise every day fastened up on the gate, and the very day I finished my work twenty more sonnets were set up, with the greatest praises of the work, and Latin and Greek poems were published on the occasion." So well had the Italian public learned how to appreciate a noble work of art!

Now, I look forward with no small expectation to what will be done by the new exhibition which is preparing, because I know that great pains have been taken to collect casts and copies of whatever is most beautiful in every department of art, beginning with the most remote period down to the present time; and if it be really open to the public, and if, especially, it be open for some portion, at least, of that day on which alone the artisan can enjoy it—(great cheering)—then I am sure it will do more towards raising the feeling of the people for art, and consequently towards introducing an improved practice, than any set of lessons or any teaching could do. A very strong remark is made by Dr. Waagen, before that committee, when asked if they shut up the museum at Berlin as they do in England at certain times to enable artists to copy, he says, "By no means, because, I believe, art is far more promoted by the people seeing it than it is by any number of artists making copies." But it appears to me there has been a deficiency in the general education among us in the matter of artistic culture. I cannot but be struck with this when I see that among all the colleges and schools belonging to this country, so respectable and richly endowed, there is not one of them, so far as I know, which has made any collection or museum that might train the young men who are educated there in a familiarity with art. I do not think any college in either of our Universities, Eton, or any of the schools, keeps before the eyes of its young men examples of painting, sculpture, and of other arts of design, which might accustom them during their early years to admire and appreciate art, and thus contribute afterwards their influence to elevate its character. At the same time, I must observe with sincere pleasure that this is not the case with our Catholic colleges; that poor and unendowed as they are, there is not one of them which has not striven, at the same time while it has provided itself with a library, far beyond the proportion of its means, if compared with what others have done, to provide also some works of art, and keep them constantly before the students. (Cheers.) At Stonyhurst there are many beautiful things, carving, lapidary, silver work, and jewellery, especially for church purposes. Ushaw, or St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham, is another instance; the walls there are covered with paintings, many of excellent masters, and engravings of great beauty; there is a museum filled with specimens of art; the sacristy of the chapel is growing with proofs of the encouragement given there to modern artists, as well as with carefully-collected specimens of ancient art.

I may be allowed to revert also to the days which I spent in St. Mary's College, at Oscott. There, through the munificence of a departed nobleman, and under the guidance of the refined taste of the greatest artist of this day, because a practical disciple of all the arts—Mr. Pugin—(cheers)—there was collected a museum which would have been worthy of a larger establishment; beautiful specimens of carving, of enameling, and metal work of every sort, so valuable that persons were sent from the department of practical art on purpose to make moulds and copies of the specimens; and almost all the cloisters were covered with paintings, some by very respectable artists, and others good copies. The students were thus brought up in familiarity with choice objects of art, which has had an influence upon their lives since, and induced them to patronise and encourage art. That collection, moreover, was, in the most liberal way, thrown open

to every one who chose to come and visit us; we never saw any feeling of narrow partisanship, or exclusiveness of religious distinction; the house used to be visited every day by parties of people from the neighborhood; and nothing gave me greater pleasure than to see the young men who used to come there, and who were permitted to walk freely through the house. There was, at no great distance, a very considerable establishment for education, richly endowed, and having everything that could encourage the study of literature; but it did not possess, as it appeared, a single object of artistic interest within its walls; and often did the students of that establishment come up to St. Mary's, and roam freely through it, and receive every courtesy. And that was at a time when Oscott was considered almost the centre of a strong proselytising tendency, and I know that personally I was much more engaged in controversy then than I am at the present moment; and it was pleasing, therefore, to see that there was no feeling on the subject which could make it be apprehended as unpleasant for those young men to come to us. Bodies of those young men used to come to St. Mary's, with letters from their principal, couched in the most courteous terms, asking, as a favor, that his students might be allowed to attend the establishment, which could have very little other merit to many than as it was filled with works of art; and on one occasion he informed me that, when any of the students of his house were particularly well conducted, and had especially distinguished themselves, the best reward he could give them was to send them with a letter to us, to come and see Oscott College. Now, it will give you all pleasure to know that this generous, liberal and gentlemanly-minded individual, the head of that neighboring college, was—the Rev. Prince Lee. (Immense cheering and laughter.)

One thing more, I will observe, is important, and that:—that we must not narrow the sphere of art. There is a tendency to do so in this practical scheme of education. I observed in the late report, which may be considered as a programme of the department of practical art, that there are prizes proposed for artistic designs in three different departments—for printed garments, fabrics for carpets, and for paper-hangings. Now, one of the conditions of the four drawings to be sent in to compete for the prize in all three instances is this, "the designs to be flat, not imitative, but conventional, without relief, shadow, or perspective." Now, that is the mediæval principle, and cannot apply to other styles of art; and we are narrowing the sphere of art if you dictate, as a necessary rule of all designs in those three departments of productive art, that there shall not be relief or perspective in the painting—that the flowers must all be of one color, and that there must be no shadow, and no attempt to copy nature, but that the forms must be all "conventional," that is, such as a rose spread out into four parts, with a point between them, and the lily changed into a *fleur-de-lis*, and no natural forms to be truly imitated. Now, it is folly to think of competing with French art if our artisans are to be educated on that principle, because the beauty of design, where nature is copied—where the flower glows in its own colors—will carry the taste of the public, and I think rightly, in preference to a series of flat and unshaded designs—I think it is a wrong principle; and why? Artists will tell you that the carpet is nothing more than back-ground for furniture—that the hanging of a wall, paper, or whatever it may be, is nothing but a back-ground for the furniture—and therefore that these must be quiet and of a lower tint, with nothing brilliant, and no attempt at the representation of natural objects. Now, I deny this principle; they are not backgrounds. The papering of the wall is in the place of the ancient painting on the wall; and I do not see why, if you only avoid whatever may offend the eye—such as false perspective—there should not be all the beauty and glow of natural objects given to the pictured papering of the wall. If we are to collect museums, to put before our young artists specimens from the paintings of Pompeii, and then to tell them that these wall paintings are done on a false principle, because they are good

representations of natural objects, and not merely conventional drawings, how are we consistent? And, if you tell a young man who designs patterns for carpets that there must be nothing there which would not be, naturally, in such a position—that there must be no sky or flowers there—then you go to make it a mere pavement and nothing better. I should say that the real carpet should take the place of the ancient mosaic. The ancients thought it not amiss to represent whole scenes on their pavement, with sky and rivers, men and horses; and Pliny tells us that there were many celebrated men for this sort of work in Greece; but the most celebrated of all was Sosias; and he says, among his other works at Pergamus there was a remarkable one which was called "The Unswept House." It was a representation which certainly does not give us a very good idea of cleanliness of domestic habits—of a floor on which all sorts of refuse had been left to lie about, fragments of meat, and the shells of crawfish, and everything which untidy people might leave after their meals. Such were the notions the ancients had of designs. I should, therefore, be inclined to fear that if we began to deal with art upon a too confined basis, and on principles which belong only to one period of the history of art—and if we now insist on their being made the sole basis of artistic education—we shall produce cramped and narrow-minded artists, and never enable them to take advantage of the great classical patterns to improve their taste. (Cheers.)

In concluding, I think among the greatest errors that language has imposed upon us there is none more remarkable than the sort of antagonism which is established in common language as between nature and art. We speak of art as being, in a certain manner, the rival of nature, and opposed to it; we contrast them—we speak of the superiority of nature and depreciate art as compared with it. On the other hand, what is art but the effort which is made by human skill to seize upon the transitory features of nature, to give them the stamp of perpetuity? If we study nature we see that in her general laws she is unchangeable; the year goes on its course, and day after day pass magnificently through the same revolutions. But there is not one single moment in which either nature, or anything that belongs to her, is stationary. The earth, the planets, and the sun and moon, are not for any instant in exactly the same relation mutually as they were in another instant. The face of nature is constantly changing; and what is it that preserves that for us but art, which is not the rival, but the child, as well as the handmaid of nature? You find, when you watch the setting sun, how beautiful and how bright for an instant!—then, how it fades away!—the sky and sea are covered with darkness, and the departed light is reflected, as it had been just now upon the water, still upon your mind. In that one evanescent moment a Claude or a Stanfield dips his pencil in the glowing sky, and transfers its hue to his canvass; and ages after, by the lamp of night, or in the brightness of the morning, we can contemplate that evening scene of nature, and again renew in ourselves all the emotions which the reality could impart. And so it is with every other object. Each of us is, but for the present moment, the same as he is in this instant of his personal existence through which he is now passing. He is the child, the boy, the man, the aged one bending feebly over the last few steps of his career. You wish to possess him as he is now, in his youthful vigor, or in the maturity of his wisdom, and a Rembrandt, or a Titian, or a Herbert seizes that moment of grace, or of beauty, or of sage experience; and he stamps indelibly that loved image on his canvass; and for generations it is gazed on with admiration and with love. We must not pretend to fight against nature, and to say that we will make art different from what she is. I will read you some beautiful lines, which show how our art must be derived from nature. I translate them from the excellent poem of Schiller, addressed to artists:—

The choicest blossom, which the parterre warms,  
In one rich posy skilfully combined—  
*Such, infant Art crept first from Nature's arms,*  
Then are the posies in one wreath entwined,

A second Art, in manlier bearing, stands,  
Fair work of man, created in his hands.

I believe the idea of these beautiful lines is taken from the anecdote which Pliny has preserved to us of the contest of art between Pausias the painter and Glycera the flower girl; she used to combine her flowers with such exquisite beauty, that they excited the admiration of the chief of artists, and he did not think it beneath his art to copy on the canvass the operation of her naturally-instructed fingers; and then she, in her turn, again would rival the picture, and produce a more beautiful bouquet still; and the painter, with his pencil, would gain rival her, and produce by his art the same effect as she had done with the flowers of nature. Let us, therefore, look on Art but as the highest image that can be made of nature. Consequently, while religion is the greatest and noblest mode in which we acknowledge the magnificent and all-wise majesty of God, and what He has done both for the spiritual and the physical existence of man, let us look upon Art as but the most graceful and natural tribute of homage we can pay to Him for the beauties which He has so lavishly scattered over creation. Art, then, is to my mind, and I trust to you all, a sacred and a reverend thing, and one which must be treated with all nobleness of feeling and with all dignity of aim. We must not depress it; the education of our art must always be tending higher and higher; we must fear the possibility of our creating a mere lower class of artists which would degrade the higher departments, instead of endeavoring to blend and harmonize every department, so that there shall cease to exist in the minds of men the distinction between high and low art. I will conclude with another beautiful sentiment from the same poem:—

The bee may teach thee an industrious care;  
The worm, in skill, thy master thou must own;  
With higher spirits, wisdom thou dost share,  
But Art, oh man, hast thou alone.

DR. JOHNSON.—The great Dr. Johnson's ear, in respect of the power of appreciating musical sounds, was remarkably defective: nevertheless, he possessed a sense of propriety in harmonic composition that gave him an unconquerable distaste to all unmeaning flourish and rapidity of execution. Being one night at a concert where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed, after it was over, he asked a gentleman who sat near him what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say, that it was very difficult. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor, "I wish to God it had been impossible."

#### A Concert two Hundred Years ago.

In noticing the preparations making by Jullien for his concerts in New York, wherein that originality of a composer and orchestra-leader proposes to astonish the Empire City amateurs with such combinations and numbers of big and little drums, trombones, trumpets, cymbals, Saxe-horns, "compressed air" trumpets, as were never before heard by them, the New York *Courier des Etats Unis* sketches the following amusing report of a grand concert given two hundred years ago. We translate it:

"The Messrs. Saxe's improved brass instruments and this terrible 'compressed air' trumpet of Mr. Derche are but children's toys, veritable playthings, when compared with the instruments employed in the monster concerts given by our forefathers. It was with brewers' cauldrons, contrabass, each of which was a load for eight mules, and windmills arranged harmoniously, that they made up their orchestras. Do not laugh; we have before us the proof of what we state; the report in full of a concert 'in action' given at Dresden on the 13th July, 1645, by order of the Elector John George of Saxe. This concert was to represent the episode of Judith and Holofernes. The words were written by Mathesius Ptaumenker, and the music composed by Hilaire, the court singer. The Elector, having heard the score, was so much pleased with the musician that

he presented him with any quantity of beer, and entrusted him with the organization of the fete, without regard to expense. All the artists of Germany, Switzerland, the Vaud, Poland and Italy were invited to unite with their pupils in the Dresden gigantic musical festival, where, by the 9th July, 1645, several thousand instrumental performers were assembled and an army of singers.

"It must have been a strange spectacle—these men arriving from all points of the horizon in crowds, armed *cap-a-pie* with all the instruments known at the time, and a multitude of others which were unknown in Germany, and many of which had been manufactured for the occasion. A certain Rapotzki came from Warsaw with a wagon drawn by four mules; this equipage being solely to convey an engine of musical war, an enormous contrabass, which measured seven German yards in height. The artist had ingeniously adapted to his instrument a small ladder, which allowed him to run up and down quickly from the bridge to the top of the instrument, and play with both hands his great bow over the three cables of his contrabass. What does Bottesini think of that?

This was not all; a student from Wittemberg, named Kumpfer, promised to sing the score of Holophernes afeat in which he was materially assisted by swallowing an ocean of beer at the expense of the Elector. For fear the contrabass of the Pole, Rapotzki, should not be powerful enough for the voices of the singers and the terrible noise of the orchestra, the singer Grandmains befoothed him of a wind-mill, between the wings of which he had stretched large cables. Four vigorous performers placed in the top and bottom angles, drew sounds from these cables by rubbing on them as with bows, strong pieces of wood with serrated surfaces. On one side of the orchestra, which took up its position on a hill, was a gigantic organ which father Serapion, a distinguished organist, beat with hands and feet. Next to the organ were the wind and metallic instruments, among which was the brewer's cauldron we have before alluded to, and an enormous bell, recently made and destined for a cathedral. In the centre was closely gathered the mass of the musicians, placed above the singers, who were arranged in good order under two hundred and fifty leaders. Delighted with this magnificent *coup d'œil*, and wishing to add his part to this musical structure which he had seen created as if by enchantment, the Elector had a dozen bomb-mortars, well charged by the court artillery, placed in battery.

"At the signal given by the discharge of these mortars, the concert began. One voice, immense and multiple, struck the air in all directions, and struck the sonorous vault of ether with millions of vibrations. A spectator could easily have imagined himself into a world of magical creation. But then what zeal did not the artists display on this occasion. The famous prima donna Rigozzi, from Milan, lost her life from her efforts to make more noise than the orchestra. The student Kumpfer, accompanied by the contrabassist Rapotzki and by the wind-mill, sang an air that made the hills tremble. In order to give additional zest to the entertainment, and to please the Elector, the first violinist of the day, named Giovanni Scioppio, from Cremona, played a solo, holding his instruments behind his back. At length a double fugue, sung by the Assyrians flying before the victorious Israelites, was sung with so much energy and so much expression, that the victors, overcome with enthusiasm, and finding that the music expressed imperfectly the desire for revenge that animated them, fell upon the Assyrians, and deluged them with clods of earth. This made the Elector laugh heartily, and terminated joyously this truly monster concert.

"The next day it was discovered that several partizans in the camp of the Israelites and the Assyrians had died during the great musical contest of the day previous."

**THE RULING PASSION.**—It is related in a biography of Lambert, the astronomer, of Mulhausen, that on being asked how he liked an opera at Berlin, to which he had been taken by some of

his friends, he replied, that he had not seen it as he had been occupied during the entire evening in calculating the refraction of light from the lustre!

#### NO MORE!

Flow on, sad stream, unto the sea!  
Thou flowest on as ever,  
But the heart most dear no more is here,  
Forever and forever.  
  
No more! I hear it in the pines,  
Through which the night-winds roar,  
Those stars shall shine in eyes of thine,  
No more, O, never more!  
  
Sigh on! sad autumn wind, sigh on!  
She lies in the grass beneath,—  
I make my moan by her grave alone,  
For the violets have her breath.  
  
O, lonely night! O, wandering moon!  
Hast thou no word for me?  
O, love and sorrow! O, day and morrow!  
Must ye forever be?

#### SONG.

O! heavy, heavy, day!  
When wilt thou wear away,  
And bring her sweet returning?  
O, weary, weary, night!  
When wilt thou take thy flight,  
And bring another morning?  
  
O! stars that gem the skies!  
Ye shine not like her eyes,  
Where love is ever beaming!  
Pass on, O hateful day—  
Yet gentle night, O, stay!  
For she is mine while dreaming,  
  
In dreams, she comes to me—  
In dreams, her eyes I see—  
And bliss divine comes o'er me,—  
Then let my spirit creep  
To thy pavilion, sleep!  
While Love flies on before me.

W. W. STORY.

**SAYINGS OF MARTIN LUTHER.**—“Music,” says Martin Luther, has ever been my delight; it has always excited and moved me, so as to give me a greater desire to preach.

“I have always been fond of music. He who undertakes this art is the right sort of a man, and is fit for anything else. It is needful that music should be taught in schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing, or I do not think much of him. Music cometh near to theology; I would not exchange my little knowledge of it for much money. The young should be constantly exercised in this art, for it refines and improves men. Singing is the best of arts and exercises; it is not of a worldly character, and it is an antidote for all contentions and quarrels. Singers are not gloomy, but joyful, and sing their cares away. There can be no doubt that in minds which are affected by music are the seeds of much that is good; and those who are not affected by it I regard as stocks and stones. Music effecteth what theology alone can effect besides: It giveth peace and a joyful mind. Therefore, the prophets have employed no art as they have music, inasmuch as they have put their theology not into geometry, arithmetic or astronomy, but into music. Hence it cometh, that by teaching the truth in psalms and hymns, they have joined theology and music in close union.”

The Night is Mother of the Day,  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His Hope with all.

#### To Music: To calm his fever.

BY HERRICK.

Charm me to sleep and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That being ravish'd, hence I go  
Away in easy slumbers.  
Oh make me weep  
My pains asleep,  
And grant me such repose,  
That I, poor I,  
May think thereby  
I live and die midst roses.  
  
Fall on me like the silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, at the peep of day, do strew  
A baptism o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my pains  
With thy soft strains,  
That, ease unto me given,  
With full delight  
I leave this light  
And take my flight for Heaven.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 24, 1853.

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

We would also state, for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectedly such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

The Exhibition of the MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION has in it many things deserving the attention of a journal devoted in any degree to Art, and, in the uncommon dearth of musical topics on which to discourse to our readers, who, we doubt not, have been pleased to have their attention directed to such matters by the interesting lecture of Cardinal Wiseman (of which we give the conclusion to-day), we are glad to take our text from this Exhibition. This is the seventh of these expositions, which have taken occurred triennially, and have been an established thing among us long before Crystal Palaces were thought of; and it is interesting, in looking back, to see how much progress has been made in New England (for this is essentially a *local* exhibition), in the productive Arts and the Arts of design, and at the same time very obvious how much yet remains to be accomplished in bringing about that close connection between these Arts of which Cardinal Wiseman so strenuously endeavors to show the importance. The influence of these Expositions, now becoming so universal and frequent, in promoting this end, cannot be too highly estimated, both on the contributors themselves, and on the public at large. For here may be seen, in the successful attempts at a higher style of Art made by some, and in the bald and wretched abortions of others, how, even to the most familiar and common objects of every day use, may be given an elegance of form, design, outline or color, which shall lend a glory and a grace even to these neglected

objects, making them teachers of beauty, appealing only the more powerfully because of their very commonness and familiarity. Our manufacturers are beginning slowly to appreciate the importance of these matters, and seem to give, from year to year, an increased attention to the Arts of Design. Schools of Design are organized and successfully carried on, so far at least as the training of the pupils is concerned, though they do not, we believe, receive from manufacturers the patronage which they deserve and require for their permanent and effective existence. We observe in Faneuil Hall some drawings by the pupils of one of these schools, and notice them as a *beginning*, calculated to draw attention to these institutions, rather than on account of any special merits of these particular specimens. We are inclined to believe, judging from the present Exhibition, that more attention is given to the Arts of Design by the workers in wood and metal than by other manufacturers among us, and observe some fine specimens of wood carving, bronze castings and works in silver; while the productions of the looms seem to have been comparatively neglected, appearing generally much inferior, both in respect to brilliancy of color and in beauty of design, to the productions in the departments alluded to.

Some articles claim our more particular attention. Among the musical instruments, most worthy of note is the noble organ of the Messrs. Hook, which stands in the Rotundo of Quincy Hall. The diapasons are full and round, of especial smoothness and richness; the trumpet uncommonly good, being remarkably free from the harshness so common in this stop, and the full organ in all respects is unusually satisfactory. The noise and bustle of so large a crowd as is constantly passing, renders it difficult to judge with nicety of the more delicate features of this instrument, but we were much pleased with some of the solo stops, and especially with the *clarinet* and *flute*, which are faultless in sweetness and evenness of tone. The instrument, we learn, is destined for a church in Pittsfield, in this State, and will add much to the high reputation of the Messrs. Hook.

The *Music room* (a sort of *lucus a non lucendo*) from morning till late in the night is a perfect Babel of sweet sounds. Pianos, Seraphines, Melodeons, and all the race of kindred instruments, are tortured incessantly by every passer by, tormenting not a little the ears of the listeners. The *Pianos*, it seems to us, are of unusual excellence, being, without exception, from our most noted manufacturers, and we observed none of the wretched instruments that are usually exhibited at these Fairs, from inferior makers. The only novelty among them is a *small grand* of seven octaves by CHICKERING, of perhaps half the usual size of a grand piano. It has a full, strong body of tone, clear and uniform, the action easy and accurate. A quiet half hour enabled us to hear the instrument thoroughly tested, and we

are confident that its compact size and form, together with its powerful and brilliant tone, will make it at once a favorite instrument in our drawing rooms.

Turning from Music to the sister Arts, we find but a beggarly collection of Paintings, few in number and poor in quality. The sculptors, on the other hand, are well represented.—STEPHENSON's "Dying Indian" (exhibited in the great Exhibition of 1851) occupies a conspicuous position in the rotunda, attracting much attention, and is too well known to need any special mention. Near it stands an exquisite portrait bust of remarkable beauty and fine execution by the same artist. BALL sends his large bust of Webster, in marble, and the statuette of Webster of which we have spoken before. KINNEY, of Worcester, we believe a self-taught artist, contributes a fine bust of the Hon. Charles Allen, and some other smaller busts, both portraits and ideal, of an unusual degree of merit.

We saw some specimens of engraving, but none at all remarkable for excellence, and this branch of Art seems to be but poorly represented. Indeed we compare but ill in this Art with Europe, while the prices paid here are much higher for quite inferior work.

Daguerreotypes are exhibited in multitudes, and seem to hold a rather doubtful place; so that one scarcely knows whether to rank them among the productions of chemistry or to give them a higher place among the works of Art. The productions of Whipple and Southworth by their careful artistic arrangement and close attention to all the various shades of effect, are no mere mechanical productions and seem to claim a place in this higher department, and are worthy of attention.

As a whole, the Seventh Exhibition shows a marked improvement on its predecessors. The number of articles exhibited is, perhaps, not so great as on former occasions, and this appears to be owing to the greater strictness with which inferior and ordinary contributions have been excluded, the result, of course, being highly favorable to the character of the Exhibition. A still more rigid censorship will tend still further to raise the character of these Exhibitions, so honorable to Massachusetts industry, and to elevate the standard of the Productive Arts by bringing them into a more intimate connection with the Arts of Design.

#### For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Psalmody.

[We are glad to present to our readers the following "notions" of an esteemed correspondent; being always willing to give fair play to both sides. We may speak hereafter of the degree in which they coincide with, or differ from our own.]

MY DEAR SIR,—You are pleased to speak of Psalmody in a way that does not exactly suit my notions, and so I suppose you will let me speak in a way that may not suit yours.

Music does not create any new sentiments in the human heart, nor express any that cannot be de-

fined in words. It is a peculiar and definite language for the utterance of human feelings,—more forcible than words,—answering the purpose of expressing sentiments, in some instances, better than they do, but not expressing anything different from what we can talk about.

Now there are in most men's souls, religious emotions which are entirely distinct from their earthly affections.

Filial affection, is not piety,—trust in God, is not self-reliance,—penitence is more than sadness, —religious joy is infinitely above gayety. We need sacred music as well as secular,—oratorios, as well as operas,—psalms, as well as songs. This brings me to my point. Psalms tunes are worth attending to. They have their influence, and a mighty influence over the nation. It was Billings and Psalm-singing that prepared, in the course of years, this Yankee people for the Messiah of the creation, and the Mount of Olives.

In our days we find two kinds of improvement, so called, in the music of our congregational churches. In some churches we find them forsaking the old choral times and graceful airs of our fathers, to introduce insipid or harsh things of living Bostonians. In others we find hired singers flourishing and making a display of their voices in opera airs, fixed over for church occasions.

Now, Mr. Dwight, I agree with Mr. Bird that this last is the greatest evil of the two. It is better to sing a hymn to the most mean-less tune that Lowell Mason or his feebler imitators ever wrote, than to sing it to an air that is full of a meaning different from that of the hymn. This is the horror of foreign music, which you laugh at; but which I think is a reasonable horror.

Let me give you an instance. I once heard four well trained voices sing Wesley's hymn, "A charge to keep, I have," to a lively air from Corelli, and at another time I heard the same hymn sung to an allegro joyous strain from the Creation,—"A new created world." Now in each instance the whole effect of the hymn was ruined. It might as well have been sung to "Maggie Lauder."

There is a collection of very beautiful music published in New York, called the Beethoven Collection. The music is fine, the hymns are fine, but they are put together without reference to adaptation. The use of that collection in a church, would effectually drive me out of its walls.

But in the Ancient Lyre the words are so perfectly in union with the music, that you know not which was first written, you think they must have flowed from one heart, at one time. A chorister in using it has no difficulty in adapting the music to the hymn.

Now it appears to me that you would do a great service to music, and to religion, if instead of shaking your sides over the whole tribe of psalm-singers, you would tell them how to choose proper books, and take other proper means to improve our Yankee art of music. Pray except Mr. Zeuner's books when you laugh at the church psalm tunes.

Yours, H. T.

#### For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Jullien's Concerts.

NEW YORK, September 17, 1853.

I had the gratification of hearing Jullien's incomparable band several times this week, and can assuredly testify to the correctness of any or all the eulogiums passed on his concerts. Those who have not heard him imagine he only excels in the lighter and more volatile performances, but I heard the *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn's Third Symphony performed in a most exquisite manner. He brings out a pianissimo from the immense mass of stringed instruments in a manner that obliges you to hold your breath;

and then his crescendos and decrescendos are perfect. The solo performers are of the most finished character—of course, Bottesini is too well known in Boston to need any praise from my hands—I may add, however, that he has improved since he was with us a few years since. Koenig absolutely sings on his cornet à piston, and not as a third or fourth rate singer, but as a Lind or Sontag sings. He always receives most applause, not that there is half the merit that exists in Bottesini, but the difference lies in the instruments. The clarinetist, Wuille, has a beautiful tone and most finished execution. Lavigne, the solo oboe, is generally considered the first oboist in Europe; his execution is most exquisitely delicate and the tone very thin and cutting, as it were, like glass. Hughes, the ophichylist, gets a most astonishing tone from his instrument. This instrument has been almost banished from the modern orchestra on account of its bald, thin, and usually false intonation—the Sax Tuba has superseded it—but, in the hands of Hughes it is quite wonderful. His tone is large, round, and as mellow as anything I ever heard—in fact no performance aroused my attention so much as when in the American Quadrilles he introduced the Star Spangled Banner—it always draws forth a cheer, and really the most experienced musician cannot help joining in. Reichardt, the flutist, makes the most of his Boehm flute—his execution is very brilliant and clear, but the tone has not that softness or body to be obtained on the old flute. Thus far I believe Jullien has not given his fine violinists or violincellists a chance to show their powers, but undoubtedly he has many excellent artists among his strings. As I said before, Jullien will make instrumental music popular in America, and when he does, I hope to be one of the first to subscribe for a medal of thanks to present him. The love of instrumental music among the Bostonians will enable them to appreciate Jullien's orchestra more than the New Yorkers, though if large audiences go to prove a taste or knowledge, they were a learned body who assembled nightly in Castle Garden.

#### AN ARTIST.

**A ROYAL PSALM-TUNE MAKER.**—Can it indeed be possible that any "Native Musician" can have been so deficient in national pride, and so lost to a sense of what was due to native genius, as to admit to his collection the productions of a living foreigner, who is not only a foreigner, but a Prince to boot? We hardly believe our eyes.

Prince Albert has presented a Dissenting congregation with two pieces of sacred music of his own composition. The circumstances were these: a committee were engaged in compiling a new tune-book; when, in a collection of tunes obtained from the United States, they found one attributed to Prince Albert. The gentlemen in question were anxious not only to assign every tune to its right owner; but in every case in which it was practicable, to obtain the owner's permission for its use. An application was, therefore, made in the proper quarter, and the origin of the piece was placed beyond a doubt by the permission which its composer immediately granted for its use. That permission was accompanied by the additional offer, upon the part of his Royal Highness, of another of his musical compositions, which was, of course, readily accepted; and accordingly Prince Albert's "Gotha," and a "Christmas Hymn," form a portion of the tune-book.

In another column will be found the announcement of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who seem to be well prepared for the winter's campaign. We learn that Mr. FRIES has made a valuable collection of new Music for their concerts, and has devoted himself closely during his absence to the study of his instrument. He has also succeeded in obtaining a gentleman to fill Mr. Lehmann's place.

**JULLIEN.**—Mons. Jullien has engaged the Boston Music Hall and we are informed that his Concerts will commence on the twenty-fourth of October next, when we shall all hear for ourselves his celebrated orchestra.

#### Musical Intelligence.

##### Local.

Never was such a dearth of music in Boston as now. But the notes of preparation for the coming season are already sounding, and the indications are strong that we shall have an unusually crowded musical season. Announcements of all sorts are already made. Jullien, Sontag, the Germania Musical Society, the Mendelssohn Club and the new Quartet Club are all to be in the field, enough surely of themselves, one would think, to supply the demand. The Oratorio Societies are busy in preparation. We have besides a still uncertain promise of Grisi and Mario, and a host of lesser wandering stars, no doubt, are ready to start in their orbits and try their fortune in the uncertain race. We despair of being able to hear, much less to be able to chronicle the doings of the tenth part of what will be offered to us this coming winter.

The new Opera House begins to make a goodly show, having now risen to the second tier of boxes, and it will not be long, before we shall see it filled to the ceiling with the opera-goers. The form of the auditorium is peculiar, and we believe novel, the effect of which acoustically remains to be proved, and we are informed that it is of greater area than any European opera house, though of course not so high, having only the usual three tiers of boxes instead of the five or six that we find in the great theatres abroad. We hope that the building will prove to be one worthy of its object and of the present state of Art among us.

Apropos of the new Opera House, we find in the *New York Tribune* the following notice of Niblo's Theatre in New York:

The Opera, after all its pioneer failures in this country, seems finally destined to become a stationary thing among us. The triumph and culmination of Art in a country, or in other words its benign popularization, must depend upon moneyed capital, well distributed. Now, New York is fast taking the first place as the wealthiest spot in the world, wherein will live people of the most means, and where will be the largest floating population with money to pay for costly emotions and pleasures. But there is still a greater reason for the success here of the Opera, or the musico-dramatic stage, conducted in whatever language, of which the Italian Opera is the parent. That consists in the democratic nature of our habits and institutions. It will hardly be believed, but Niblo's Theatre holds more people, by at least 800, than the world-renowned Academie de Musique of Paris—one of the largest opera-houses in Europe. But how is this? How is it that Niblo's, which is not considered a grand theatre which has no great depth of pit, no dizzy fourth, fifth and sixth tiers, should hold more than the great French opera house, and probably as much as the San Carlo of Naples or the Scala of Milan? What, is it creditable that a theatre which we are accustomed to look upon as provincial in size, should be really, for the practical purposes of its auditorium, as large or larger than the great opera-houses of the Old World? Even so; and the cause is owing to the democratic nature of our institutions. In Europe the exclusiveness of rank and fashion causes the theatres to be built with private boxes, each holding only four to six persons; consequently the six tiers have no depth, and the show of numbers in the boxes is merely superficial. But the principle of republican equality is thoroughly carried out at Niblo's, where fifty instead of half a dozen may be placed in the deep boxes, and hence the theatre be made to do its duty as a popular institution. When we speak of Niblo's Theatre as opera an regards more numbers in the auditorium, it may be placed on the same level with the great houses of Europe; but the stage is inferior in depth and breath, and the accommodations for the orchestra less.

##### Paris.

The re-opening of the "Imperial Academy of Music" (Grand Opera) was to take place on the 29th ult., but is again postponed on account of the great improvements in the building.

**OPERA COMIQUE.**—The papers speak of a piece in three acts, by Meyerbeer, for this coming winter. The work is entirely new, both poetry and music; only some unpublished *morceaux* of the "Camp of Silesia" are introduced into the first scene of the second act. M. Scribe is the author of the words.....*Nabab*, a new comic opera by Halevy, is announced.....Auber's *Marco Spada* has been resuscitated, with Miles, Caroline Dupret, and Favel, and Messrs. Bataille, Coudere, &c., as principals.....Mlle. Wertheimer has returned from Baden-Baden with an ample harvest of applause.....Mlle. Boulard, who at the late *concours* of the Conservatoire bore off a first prize in

singing and a first prize in comic opera, is engaged to make her début in *Mina*, the charming operette by Ambroise Thomas.

In the Emperor's grand Fête of the 15th August, music and theatricals bore a large part, though it is complained that, among the many orders and distinctions conferred upon literateurs and artists, not one fell to a musician. A mass was executed at the Tuilleries under the direction of M. Aubert, the imperial *maître de chapelle*. The mass was made up of separate pieces by Cherubini, Aubert, and Leuseur. Afterwards there was a concert, consisting of such hackneyed overtures as *Zampa*, *La Gazzetta Ladra*, and *Masaniello*, and choruses from *Moïse*, *Sémiramis*, the *Huguenots*, &c. At the Opera Comique three light operas were given. Grétry and Mlle. Lefebvre, composer and prima donna, were bravo-ed in *L'Épreuve villageoise*; in the *Noëls de Jeannette*, Coudere and Mme. Molan shared the laurels of the poets and composer; and the *Rendez-vous bourgeois*; made the audience laugh to tears, as usual. At the Théâtre Lyrique, too, there were three pieces; viz. *le Maître de Chapelle*, *Ma tante Aurora*, and *Flore et Zéphyr*.

Poor Marini's gun has grown to a steam engine! The *Gazette Musicale* states, that "the steamboat, on which he was travelling, met with one of those explosions so common with American steamers, when he was struck in the right hand and obliged to have three fingers amputated."

Henri Herz has published his Opus 166, being a *Marche Nationale* for four hands.

**SIDNEY, (AUSTRALIA).**—The *Gazette Musicale* says of this city, that "although it is not the sanctuary of arts and sciences, and although the people there are chiefly occupied in making their fortunes, still music is considerably cultivated, and one sees in good houses, pianos, violins, flutes, and guitars. There is also a well conducted theatre, which has enriched its *impressario*, where have been presented the principal Italian operas translated into English, such as *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, &c. The execution, as to the vocal part, is very satisfactory, but there is a dearth of instrumental performers of talent, and the orchestra is a wretched collection of fifth rate violins accompanied by a *grosse caisse*!"

**ROME.**—The great event of the day, is the appearance of a new opera: *Il Solitario*. We do not learn the name of the Composer, but it is stated that he was called before the curtain ninety-seven times.

#### Advertisement.

##### The best Book on Piano Instruction existing!

**IN PRESS:**—JULIUS KNORR'S GUIDE FOR TEACHERS ON THE PIANO. A full system of instruction, from the very outset, to artisical perfection, with full advice to teachers and pupils. Its progressive order, completeness, and the value of the pieces recommended, (about 200), make it indispensable to teachers, and invaluable to all players. It is

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It is also the ONLY KEY to the proper use of Julius Knorr's "Materials," and his "Large Method." Price 75 cents.

G. A. SCHMITT, Petersburg, Va.

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##### The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends that Circulars respecting their Concerts and Rehearsals will be issued on the arrival of AUGUST FRIES from Europe, who is expected about the 28th September. Arrangements have been made with an excellent artist from Leipzig to take the place of Wm. Lehmann in the approaching season. Their repertoire will be found complete, by the addition of many new, standard works.

Sept. 24.

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**Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston,**  
HAS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms. If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made for rent of it, except the interest on its value.

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MISS FANNY FRAZER begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the City, and is now ready to resume her teaching.  
PAVILION HOTEL, Sept. 24th. 3t

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.  
Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

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DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS, known as the MOUNT OF OLIVES, is this day published in a neat, convenient form for the singer or concert-goer by  
Geo. P. Reed & Co., Publishers,  
17 Tremont Row, Boston.

Jan. 8.

Edward L. Bach,

## GERMANY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CONCERTS! The GERMANY MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully announce to their friends and the public of Boston and vicinity, that they give a Series of TEN GRAND CONCERTS, at the

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,  
Commencing on SATURDAY EVENING, October 22d, and continued every other Saturday Evening.

The ORCHESTRA will be increased by the addition of many of the best artists in the country, thereby enabling the Society to produce the elaborate compositions of the great masters with better effect than heretofore. No expense will be spared to render the Orchestra complete in every department.

The best available talent, vocal and instrumental, will be engaged during the season, to render the series of Concerts equal in point of brilliancy and attraction to any ever given in Boston.

In order to prevent the confusion and disappointment experienced upon the unusual demand for tickets last season, ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER of subscription tickets will be issued.

SUBSCRIBERS' TICKETS. A package of thirty tickets to be used at pleasure, \$10; half packages, containing fifteen tickets, \$5. Subscription papers are now open at all the Music Stores and principal Hotels. The issue of tickets will commence at Wade's Music Store on the 8th of October.

Sept. 17. tf

## CLASSICAL MATINÉES.

THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by Vocal performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc. occasionally. Many greater compositions, as Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind Instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$8 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

Subscription lists will be found at the different Music Stores.

H. ECKHARDT, } VIOLINS. CH. EICHLER, ALTO.  
WM. KEYZER, } TH. MAASS, VIOLONCELLO.  
Sept. 3. H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

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The TEMPLI CARMINA will be for sale at the principal Book Stores throughout the Country, or it can be obtained directly from the publishers, who will supply all orders at reasonable prices.

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Feb. 5.

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